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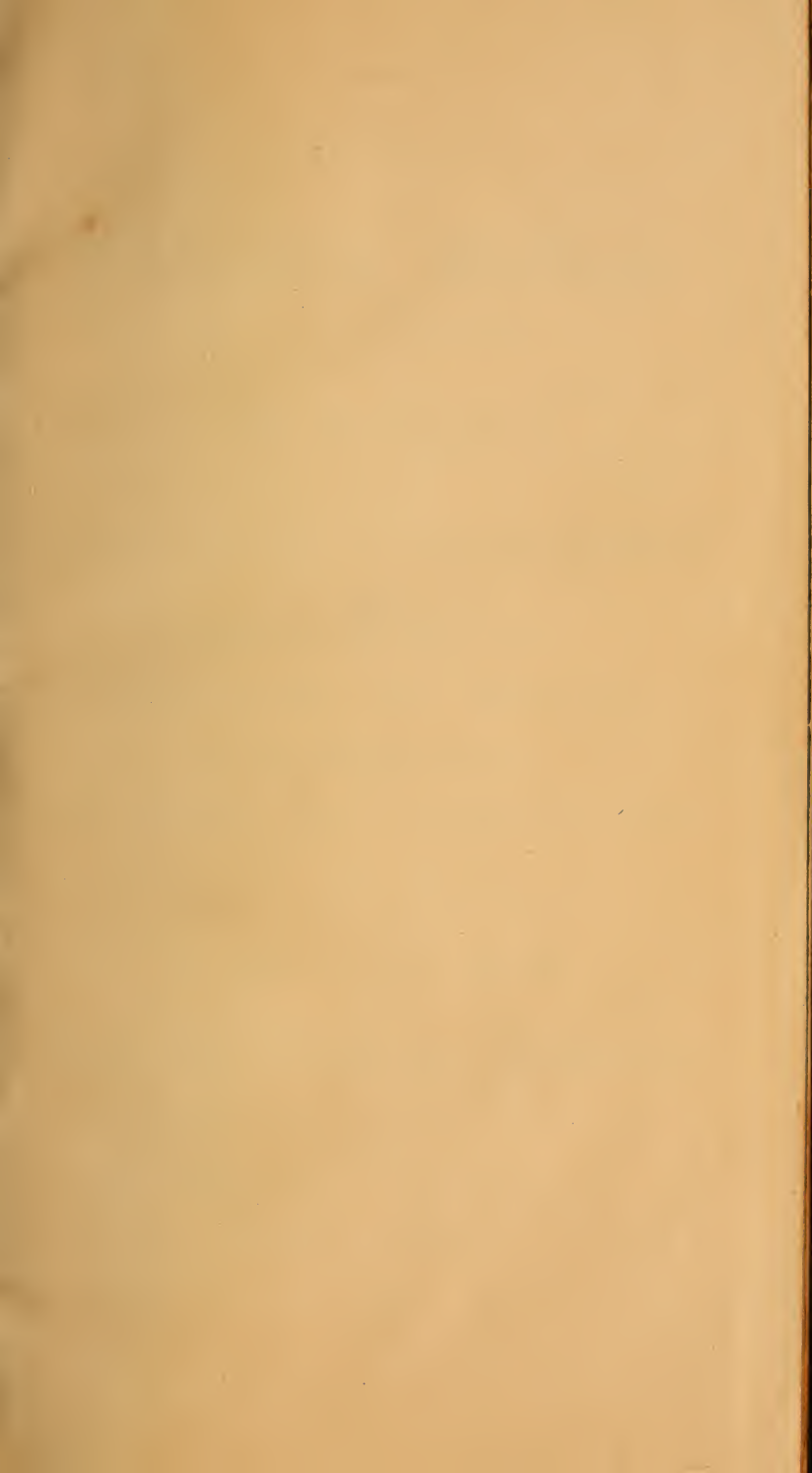
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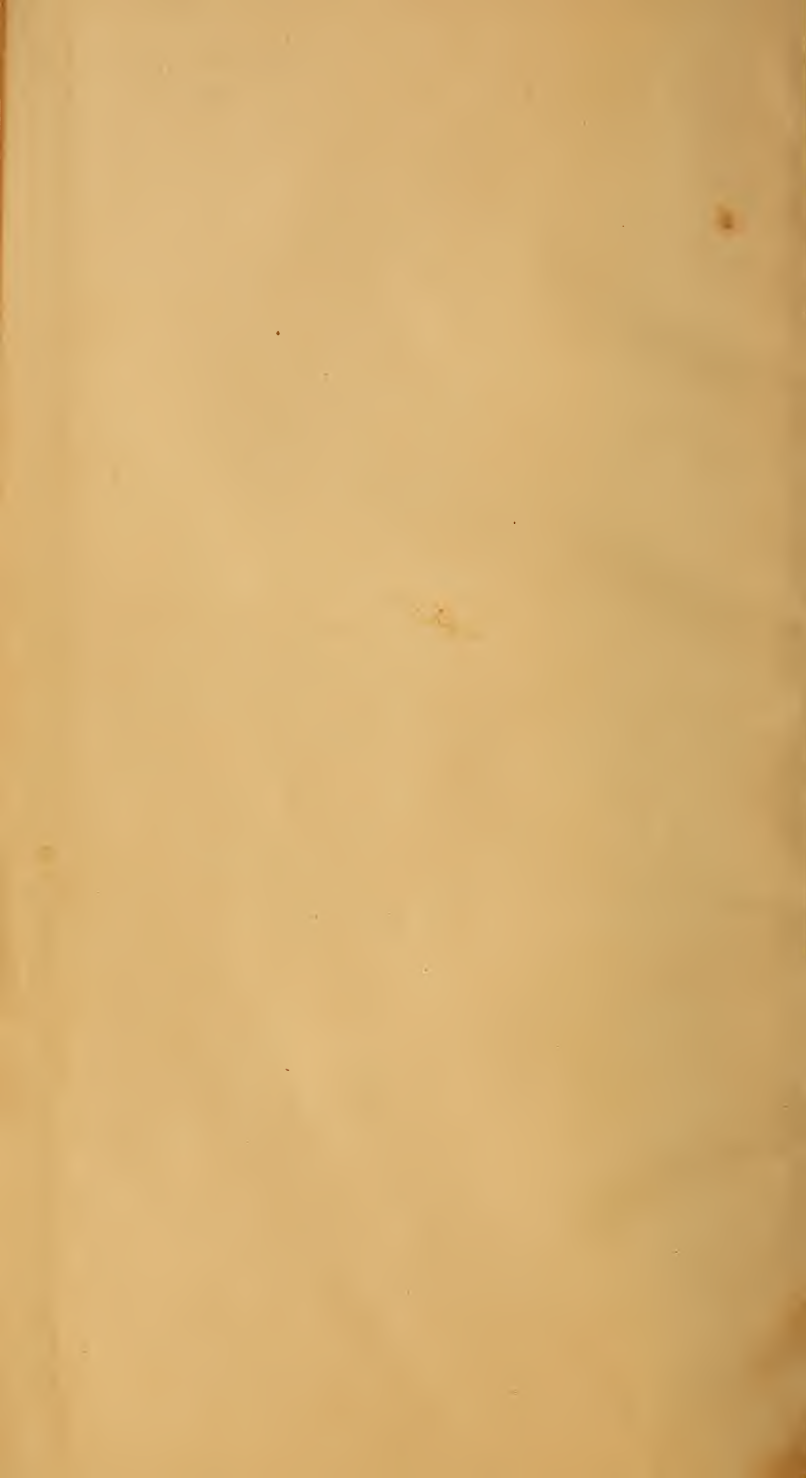












SPECIMENS

OF THE

Yorkshire Dialect,

BY WAY OF DIALOGUE,

CONTAINING

A Dialogue

BETWEEN

GULWELL, a LONDON REGISTER OFFICE KEEPER

AND

Margery Moorpoot, a Country Girl,

AWD DAISY, AN ECLOGUE,

A COCK AND BULL STORY,

THE HIREING, THE BELLMAN OF RIPON,

The Yorkshire Tyke, &c.

To which is added

A COPIOUS GLOSSARY,

AND THE

Life of William Nevison.

London :

ORLANDO HODGSON,

Maiden Lane, Cheapside.

1828.

PE 2083
Y5

SPECIMENS

OF

THE YORKSHIRE DIALECT,

BY WAY OF DIALOGUE, &c.

MARGERY AND GULWELL ;

A Dialogue between GULWELL, a London Register Office-Keeper, and MARGERY MOORPOOT, a Country Girl.

Mar. Sur, an a body may be sa bowld. Ah's cum te ax an ye've sped about t' woman sarvant at ye advertahs'd för?

Gul. I have not; come nearer, young woman.

Mar. Let me steyk t' deer first, an ye please.

Gul. What countrywoman are you?

Mar. Ah's Yorkshur by mah truly! Ah wor bred and boorn at Lahtle Yatton, aside o' Rosebery Toppin.

Gul. Roseberry Toppin! where is that, my pretty maid?

Mar. Certainly man! ye know Roseberry? Ah thowght onny feeal hed knawn Roseberry? It's t' biggest hill i' all Yorkshur. It's aboon a mahle an' a hawf heegh, and as cawd as ice at t' top on't, t' yattest day i' summer; that it is.

Gul. You've been in some service, I suppose?

Mar. Hey, Ah'll uphold ye hev E, ivver sin E wor neen year awd. Nea makkins! ah'd a God's-penny at Stowseley market, hawf a year afoore 'at E wor neen: An' as good

a sarvant Ah've been, thof Ah say it mysel, as ivver com within a pair o' deers. Ah can milk, ken, fother, beeak, brew, sheear, win-der, caird, spin, knit, sew, an' deea ivvery thing 'at belongs tiv an husbandman, as weel as onny lass 'at ivver war clog-shun; an' as to my charicter, Ah defy onny boddy, gentle or simple, to say black's mah nail.

Gul. Have you been in any service in London?

Mar. Hey, an' ye please. Ah liv'd wi' Madam Shrillpipe, i' St. Paul's Kirk Garth; but wor foorc'd te leeave mah pleeace afoor 'at I'd been a week o' days in't.

Gul. How so?

Mar. Marry, because she ommost flighted and scauded me oot o' mah wits. She wor t'arrantest scaud 'at ivver E met wi' i' my boorn days. She had sartainly sike a tongue as nivver wor i' onny woman's heead but her awn. It wad ring, ring, ring, like a larium, frae moorn t' neeght. Then she wad put hersel into sike flusters, that her feeace wad be as black as t' reckon creak. Neea, for t' matter o' that, Ah wor nob-but reeghtly sarrad, for Ah wor tell'd afoorehand, by some varra sponsible fowk, 'at she wor a mere donnot. Hoosumivver, as Ah fand

mah munny grow less and less ivvery day, (for Ah'd brought mah good siven an' twenty shillings to neen groats and two-pence,) Ah thought it wad be better to tak up wi' a bad pleeace, than no pleeace at all.

Gul. And how do you like London?

Mar. Marry, sur, Ah like nowther egg nor shell on't. They're sike a set o' fowk as E nivverseed wi' my een. They laugh an' fleeer at a body like onny thing. Ah went nobbut t' other day t' t' beaker's shop for a leaf o' breaad, an' they fell a giggling at me, as in Ah'd been yan o' t' grittest gawvisons i' t' world.

Gul. Pray, what is a gawvison?

Mar. Whah, you'rn a gawvison for nut knawing what it is. Ah thought you Lunnoners hed knawn ivvery thing. A gawvison's a ninny-hammer. Noo, d'ye think 'at Ah leak ought like a gawvison?

Gul. Not in the least, my pretty damsel.

Mar. They may brag as they will o' ther manners, but they've ne mair manners than a milner's horse. Ah can tell 'em that, that Ah can. Ah wish I'd been still at Canny Yatton.

Gul. As you had so great a liking to the place, why did you leave it.

Mar. Marry, sur, Ah wor foore'd as yan may say, to leeave; t' squire wad'nt let me be; by mah truly, sur, he wor efter me moorn, neean, an' neeght. If Ah wad but hae consented tiv his wicked ways, Ah mud hae hed gowd by gowpins, that Ah mud. Leeak ye, squire, says Ah, your'r mistaken i' me; Ah's neean o' ther soort o' cattle; Ah's a varteous young woman, Ah'll asseer ye; ye'er other fowk's fowk; wad ye be sike a teastril as te ruin me? But all wadn't deea; he kept follo'in' an' follo'in', an' teazin' an' teazin' me. At lang run, Ah tell'd my awd deeam, an' she advash'd

me ta gang to Lun'on, to be out ov hiz way, that she did, like an honest woman as she wor. Ah went to my cousin Isbel, an' says Ah tiv her, Isbel, says Ah, will t' gowa to Lunnon? Ah tell'd t' yal affair atween me an' t' squire. Ods-bobs, my lass, says she, Ah'll gang wi' thee to t' world's end. An away we com i' good earnest.

Gul. It was a very varteous resolution. Pray how old are you?

Mar. Ah's neenteen come Collop Monday.

Gul. Would you undertake a house-keeper's place?

Mar. Ah's flay'd Ah can t' mannisht, if it beeant in a husbandman's house?

Gul. It is a very substantial farmer's, in Buckinghamshire. I am sure you will do; I will set you down for it. Your name.

Mar. Margery Moorpoot, an ye please.

Gul. How do you spell it?

Mar. Neea, makkings! Ah know nowght o' speldring: Ah's nea scholard.

Gul. Well, I shall write to him this evening. What wages do you ask?

Mar. Neea, marry, for t' matter o' that, Ah wad'nt be ower stiff about wages.

Gul. Then I can venture to assure you of it. You must give me half-a-crown, my pretty maid. Our fee is only a shilling for a common place, but for a house-keeper's we have always half-a-crown.

Mar. There's tweea shillings, an' yan, tweea, three, four, fahve, six penn'orth o' brass, wi' a thoo-sand thenks. A blessing leeght o' yee, for Ah's seer ye'er t' best friend Ah've met wi' sin E com fra' Canny-Yatton, that are ye. When mun E call ageean, sur?

Gul. About the middle of next week.

Mar. Sur, an ye please, your sarvant.

AWD DAISY.

An Eclogue. By the late Rev T. Browne, Hull.

Goorgy. Weel met, good Robert,
saw ye my awd meer ;
I've lated her an hoor, i' t' loonin
here,
But, howsumiver, spite of all my
care,
I cannot spy her nowther head nor
hair.

Robert. Whaw, Goorgy, I've to
teyl ye dowly news,
Syke as I'se varra seer will make
ye muse :

I just this minnet left your poor
awd tyke,
Dead as a steean, i' Johnny Dob-
son's dyke.

Goorgy. Whoor ! what's that,
Robin ? tell us owre ageean ;
You're joking, or you've mebbey
been mistean.

Robert. Nay, marry, Goorgy, I
seer I can't be wrang,
You kno I've keyn'd awd Daisy
now se lang ;
Her bread-ratch'd feeace, an' twa
white hinder legs,
Preav'd it was hor, as seer as eggs
is eggs.

Goorgy. Poor thing ! what deead
then ? had she laid there lang ?
Whor abouts is she ? *Robert,* will
you gang ?

Robert. I care nut, Goorgy, I
han't much te dea,
A good hour's labour, or may hap-
pen twea ;

Bud as I niver like to hing behind,
When I can dea a kaundness tiv a
frynd,

An' I can help you, wi' my hand
or team,
I'll help to skin her, or to bring
her heam.

Goorgy. Thank ye, good Robert
I can't think belike,
How t' poor awd creature tumbled
inte t'dyke.

Robert. Ye maund she'd fun
hersen just gaun te dee,

An' sea laid down by t' side, (as
seeams to me.)

An' when she felt the pains o' death
within,

She sick'd an' struggled, an' se
towpled in.

Goorgy. Meast lickly ; bud—
what, was she dead outreet,
When ye furst gat up ? when ye
gat t' furst seet ?

Robert. Youse hear : as I was
gaun down 't loon I spy'd
A scoore or mair o' crows by t'
gutter side ;

All se thrang, hoppin in, and hop-
pin out,

I wonder'd what i' the world they
were about.

I leuks, an' then I sees an awd
yode laid,

Gaspin' an' pantin' there, an om-
most dead ;

An' as they pick'd its een, and
pick'd ageean,

It just cud lift its leg, and give a
greean ;

But when I fand awd Daisy was
their prey,

I waw'd my hat, an' shoo'd em all
away.

Poor Dais !—ye maund, she's now
woorn fairly out,

She's lang been quite hard sett te
trail about.

But yonder, Goorgy, loo' ye whoor
she's laid,

An' twea 'r three Nanpies chatt'rin
owre her head.

Goorgy. Aye, marry ! this I niv-
ver wish'd to see,

She's been se good, se true a frynd
te me !

An' is thou cum te this, my poor
poor awd meer ?

Thou's been a trusty sarvantmonny
a year,

An' better treatment thou's de-
sarv'd fra me,

Than thus neglected in a dyke te
dee !

Monny a daywork we ha' wrought
together,

An' bidden monny a blast o' wind
and weather ;

Monny a lang dree maule, owre
 moss an' moor,
 An' monny a hill and deecal we've
 travell'd owre;
 But now, weeas me! thou'll niver
 trot ne mair,
 Tenowther kirk nor market, spoort
 nor fair;
 And now, fort' future, thoff I's
 awd and leam,
 I mun be soorc'd te walk, or stay
 at heam,
 Ne mair thou'l bring me cooals
 fra' Blakay brow,
 Or sticks fra't wood, or turves
 fra' Leaf how cow.
 My poor awd Daise! afoor I dig
 thy greeave,
 Thy weel-woorn shoon I will for
 keep-seeakes seeave;
 Thy hide, poor lass! I'll hev it
 taun'd wi' care,
 Twill mak' a cover te my awd
 airm chair,
 An' pairt an apron for my wife te
 weear,
 When cardin' woul, or weshin' t'
 parlour floor
 Deep i' t' cawd yearth I will thy
 carcace pleace,
 'At thy poor beeans may lig, and
 rist i' peeace;
 Deep i' t' cawd yearth, 'at dogs
 may'nt scrat thee out,
 An' rauve thy flesh, an' trail thy
 leeans about.
 Thou's been se faithful for se lang
 te me,
 Thon sannut at thy death neglect-
 ed be;
 Seyldom a Christian 'at yan now
 can fynd,
 Wad be mair trusty or mair true
 a frynd.

THE INVASION.

An Eclogue.

*Impius hæc tam culta novalia miles
 habebit?*—VIRG.

A wanton wether had disdain'd
 the bounds
 That kept him close confin'd to
 Willy's grounds;

Broke through the hedge, he wan-
 der'd far away,
 He knew not whither on the pub-
 lic way.
 As Willy strives, with all attentive
 care,
 The fence to strengthen and the
 gap repair,
 His neighbour Roger, from the
 fair return'd,
 Appears in sight, in riding graith
 adorn'd;
 Whom, soon as Willy fast ap-
 proaching spies,
 Thus to his friend, behind the
 hedge, he cries:
Willy. Hoo de ye, Roger? ha'
 ye been at t' fair?
 Hoo gangs things? meead ye onny
 bargains there?
Roger. Ah know nut, Willy;
 things deeant luke ower weel,
 Coorn satles fast, thof beeans 'll
 fetch a deecal;
 Te sell t' awd intack barley Ah
 desaund,
 But cudn't git a price te suit my
 maund;
 What wi' rack rents, an' sike a
 want o' trade,
 Ah known't hoo yan's te git yan's
 landlords paid;
 Mare ower an' that, they say i't
 spring o't year,
 French is intarmin'd on't te 'tack
 us here.
Willy. Yea, mun! what are they
 cummin bither for?
 Depend on't they'd far better niver
 stor.
Roger. True, Willy: nobbut In-
 glishmen 'll stand
 By yan another, o' ther own good
 land;
 They'll never suffer (Ah's be bun
 to say)
 The Franch to tak a singie sheep
 away;
 Feightin for heeame, upo' ther
 awn fair field,
 All t' pow'r i' France cud niver
 mak 'em yield.
Willy. Whar, seer you canno
 think, when' put te t' pinch,
 An onny Inglishman 'll ivver flinch

If t' Franch deea cum here, Roger,
Ah'll be hang'd,
An' they deean't git thir sens reeght
soondly bang'd.
Ah can't bud think, (thof Ah may
be misteean,)
Nut monny on 'em 'll get back
ageean.

Roger. Ah think nut, Willy;
bud sum fowks say,
Our Inglish fleet let Franch ships
get away,
When they wor laid (thoo knaws)
i' Bantry Bay,
'At they cud nivver all hae geen
'em t' slip,
Bud t' Inglish wanted nut t' tak
a ship.

Willy. Eah! that's all lees!

Roger. Ah dunnot say its true,
It's all unknown to syke as me and
you.

Hoo deea we knaw when fleets
deea reeght or wrang?

Ah whoop it's all on't fause, but
seea talks gang.

Hoosivver, this Ah knaw, 'at when
they please,

Oor sailors awlus beat 'em upo'
t' seeas;

And if they nobbut sharply leek
aboot,

They need n't let a single ship cum
oot.

For Howe, lang sen, thoo knaws,
did bang 'em weel,

An' Jarvis meead the braggado-
shas feel;

An' Duncan beeat th' Franch at
Camperdown,

Whilst Nelson gat in Egypt vast
renown;

An' tho' at last, poor fellow, he did
fail,

He liv'd, thenk God, until he beat
'em all!

Why vary latly our brave lads
hev ta'en

Th' fleets and stoors belonging te
th' Dean;

An' yet they'll drub 'em weel, Ah
dunnot fear,

An' keep 'em fairly off fra' landin'
here.

Willy. Ah whooop sea, Roger;
bud an' if they deea

Cum ower, Ah then sal sharpen
my awd leea.

What thof Ah can but ov a lahtle
boost,

Ye knaw yan wad'nt hae that
lahtle lost;

Ah's send oor Mally an' all t' bairns
away,

An Ah mysen'll by th' jamsteead
stay.

Ah'll feight if need, un' if Ah fall
wha then,

Ah's suffer all the warst mishap
mysen;

Was Ah bud seer my wife and
bairns wor seeaf,

Ah then sud be te dee content
eneeaf.

Roger. Reeght, Willy, mun!—
what an' they put us teea't,

Ah will mysen put forrad mah best
feet.

What thof Ah's awd, Ah's nut
seea easily scar'd.

On his awn middin' an awd cock
feights hard.

They saw a Franchman's turn'd a
different man,

A braver, better soldier, ten te yan,
But let the Franch be turn'd to

what they will,
They'll find 'at Inglishman are In-

glish still;

O' ther awn grund they'll nowther
flinch nor flet,

They'll owther congker, or they'll
bravely dee.

— — —

A COCK AND BULL STORY.

What dusteh think, Dick? Whiah
Ah noant, Tom. — Whiah then
Ah'll tell thee. Yesternet, a bit
afoore it wur dark, a Foomerd gat
croppen up intot' Hen-Bawks, an'
freeten'd t'ode Cock doon into t'
Ows Beeas, an' meead him breck't
band, an' dingt deer off t' creaks;
awea E went full smack ower't
Yat, brack t' sneck and twa slices

off,) reight intot' Fose Clooas ; he ran owert' Pleeaf, an' cut yan ov his legs sadly o' t' Cooter. Jooan Chopsticks and t' wreet wur cumming wee his little weffing dog, and freeten'd him thruff t' gap into t' Coo-pastur, an't Bull set up a great beecal, an' set off wee him. Our lads ran efter 'em, an' it wur hoo thoo ! an' noo thoo ! a greeat while, tilt' ows lowpt owert' hedge intil a line-dike, and Bull efter him, reeght atop on his back. They meead a bonny blash i' t' dyke. T' lads ran yam an' fetcht a cart reeap, an' threw't owert bull hoorns, an' seeah gat him oot ageean ; bud t' 'ows gat awea fra 'em, an' ran ontot' moor, an' trade an ode steg to deeath ; bud thare wur a goodly bargains on him, for he wur good for nowt ! Then he lowpt ower a high stee into a tatee clooas, an' thade been macking a tatee pie E yah corner, an' he gat atop on't, an' ommost trade it all te bits. Man 'at oand clooas com and roister'd like mad, an' sware he'd mack oor maister pay for all t' tatees. What cud we say tot' fellah ? for he seem'd quiet lunjies an' Ah thowt heed stuckent 'ows wi't muckfork heed in his hand. Bud when his passion wur keeal'd a bit, he sed, "Cum me lads, let's try if weh can't drive him into t' helm an' catch him, that yeh may get him yam ageean." Seeah, efter a greeat deal teh deea, we gat him droven intot' helm, an't beeaast wur ommost freeten'd oot on't wits, an' wur all on a muck sweeat, an' trimmel'd like an Espin leeaf ; we put a helter aboot his heead, an' led him doon t' moor looan, an' a lang, dree, dowly way it is, an' as mucky as mucky ! At last we gat him yam, an' wur all reeght tir'd wi t' jubberment we'd had. When we'd tell'd oor maister all about it, he sed, "You've had a weeant deal a trouble aboot this rotten beast ; fassen him in his beecas ageean, an' give him sum

hay, an' mack yast back, for here a yat yall posset for yer supper.

THE HIREING,

A Dialogue between JOHN and ROBIN two Husbanamen.

John. Robin, you've don'd your-san reeght seean,
Ah sudden't wonder bud you've left awd deeame,
An's boon, mayhap, te seek a pleeace,
An' if seea, Rob, its just my keease.
Se, if ye like, we'll gang tegither,
An' tawk, like greeat folks, about t' weather.

Robin. Why, John, you've gest, Ah've left awd lass.
For things wor cum te sike a pass,
That for my life Ah cudjen't stay,
An' se, thou sees, Ah's cum'd away.

John. Why, Robin, Ah cud like to hear
What's made ye leeave your place this year ;

For Ah thought ye'd a merry life,
An' bid fair there te get a wife.

Robin. An' seea Ah did at furst, thou sees,
Till deeame brought back her bonny niece
Fra Scarbro', where she went tid Spaws,

Te drink soat water Ah suppose ;
And ever sen that bonny lass
Tid farm did cum, t' awd crazy ass
Has taen it in hur silly head,
That Ah wid Nancy wad get wed.
Bud Ah fun out, before 'twas lang,
That deeame did wish te wed hur man ;

Bud Ah was not ower fond o' th' stuff,

Which put t' awd lady in a huff.
Nay, yance she teld me hur awn sen,

If Ah thought weel o' th' match, why then

She quickly wad give me hur hand,

Five hundred pounds, wi' house
an' land ;
And, Bob, says she, its no bad
chance,
Better behawf than marrying
Nance ;
For she has nowther coo nor horse,
An' varry lahtle in hur purse ;
Bud Ah expect thou'll counsel keep
An' leeak afoore thou taks that
leap.
An' se Ah did, and went away ;
For as Ah didden't like her, John,
Ah thought it best for te begone,
An' leeave my deecame and hur
niece Nance,
An' at these statts tak my chance.
Now it fell out that very day,
As through the fair they took their
way,
Young Robin with a country
Squire
Had the good fortune for to hire.
On Whitsun-Monday, at a dance,
He chanc'd to meet his sweetheart
Nance ;
She liv'd hard by, and so, you see,
Robin and her did quickly agree ;
Rob clapt love to her, and next
year
This loving couple married were ;
At which his deecame did rave like
mad,
But dying—left'em all she had.

THE BELLMAN OF RIPON.

*The Bellman's Cry at Ripon, in
Yorkshire, in a great Frost and Fall
of Snow.*

I is to gie notidge, that Joanie
Pickergill yeats yewn to neit, to
moarn at moarn, an' to moarn at
neit, an' nea langer, as long as
storm hods, cause he can git na
mair eldin.

THE TRANSLATION.

I am to give notice, that John
Pickergill heats his oven to-night,
to-morrow morning, and to-morrow
at night, and no longer, as long as
the storm lasts, because he can
get no more fuel.

A DIALOGUE

*On the present indecent Mode of
Dress.*

Simon. Good morrow, Johnny,
hoo deea ye deea ?
*If you're boon my rooad, Ah'll
gang wi' ye.*
*Hoo cawd this morning t' wind
dus blaw ;*
*Ah think we seean sal hae sum
snaw.*
Johnny. Heigh, Simon, seea we
sal ere lang,
*Ah's boon to t' toon ; Ah wish
ye'd gang,*
*For Ah've a dowghter leeatly
deead,—*
Ah's boon te git her coffin meead.
Simon. Heigh ! Johnny, deead !
whah seer you're wrang,
*For she wur wi' us e'er seea lang,
An' oft wi' her, i' yonder booeer,
Ah've jooak'd an' laugh'd full
monny an hoor.*
*Bud first, good Johnny, tell me
this,*
*What meead her dee ? what's been
amiss ?*
Johnny. To tell thee, Simon,
noo Ah's boon :—
*Thoo sees Ah sent her to yon toon
To t' skeeal, an' next to leearn a
trade,*
*By which she was te git her
breed ;*
*Bud wheh she first com yam to me,
She had neea petticoats, ye see :
At first Ah fan she'd bud hersmock,
An' ower that her tawdry frock ;
Sike wark as this it rais'd my
my passion,*
*An' then she tell'd me—it was t'
fassion ;*
*Besides her apron, efter all,
She'd quite misteean it for a shawl,
A sartin sign she sense did lack,
She'd teean and thrown it ower
hur back ;*
*Hur shoon had soles sa varra thin,
They'd nought keep out, but let
wet in ;*
*And round her neck she lapp'd a
ruff*
Of rabbit skin, or sum sike stuff ;

Instead of wearing a good cloak,
Te keep hur warm when she did
walk,

Fra heame to market, or to fair,
Or yance a week to church repair.

Besides, thoo sees, she had neea
stays,

An' scarce eneeaf by hoaf of clais;

An' hur white hat turned up be-
foore,

All meead her leeak just like a
wh—re!

Simon. Wha, Johnny, stop, you'r
oot o' breath;

But hoo com she to git hur deeath?

Johnny. Wha, Simon, stay, an'
thoo sal hear:

I't next pleace mun hur breasts
wor bare;

Hur neeaked airms teea she lik'd
te show,

E'en when t' cawd bitter wind did
blaw;

An' when Ah talk'd about it then,
(You see Ah's awlus by my sen,)

Hur mother awlus leean'd hur way
It matter'd nowght what Ah'd to
say.

Ah tell'd my wife hoo it wad be,
An' seea she can't lig't bleeam o'
me;

Says Ah, foore she's twice ten
years awd,

Shee's seer te git hur deeath o'
cawd.

For this mishap Ah bleeam that
feecal,

For spoiling hur at Boarding
Skeel;

Noo hed she meead hur larn hur
letters,

Instead o' dressing like hur better's,
She'd nut se seeon hae gitten cawd

An meaby liv'd till she wor awd.
Ah's seer its all great fowk's

pursuit,
To hev, like Eve, a birth-day suit.

Simon. Thoo's reeght, good
Johnny, reeght Ah say,

That Ah've obsarv'd afoore to-day;
An' nooi' toon, as each yan passes,

Yan can't tell ladies fra bad lasses;
An' oft Ah've thought, when t'

cawd wind blaws,

They'd deea reeght weel te freegh-
ten craws;

For it wad blaw 'em seea about,
Nea cashun then ther'd be te
shoot.

Just seea if that thee and me
An ugly monstrous thing should
see,

Away we beath sud run reeght
fast,

As lang as ever we cud last.

Johnny. Hey, Simon, seea we
sud, Ah seear;

Bud noo to t' toon we're drawing
neear,

Thoo needn't tell what Ah hev sed
About my dowghter being deead.

Good morrow, Simon, fare thee
weel;

Ah sa, noo mind thoo does'nt tell.

Simon. Neea that Ah weean't,
whahl Ah hev breeath,

Ah'll nobbut say—*She's starr'd te
deeat.*

DARBY AND JOAN, AND THEIR DAUGHTER NELL.

A Dialogue.

In a village in Yorkshire a far-
mer did dwell,

Whose wife was call'd Joan, and
their daughter call'd Nell;

She was mother's pet, and so, d'ye
see,

At sixteen years old wish'd a lady
to be;

But her dancing and dressing sore
griev'd the man,

Who to vent his complaint to Joan
thus began.

Darby. Joan, Ah noo hev thought
sea mich about it,

Ah seerly never mair shall doot it;
At moorn an' neeght, an' neeght

an' moorn,
Ah sumtimes wish Ah'd ne'er been
boorn.

Joan. Whahl, Darby, prethee let
me see,

Ah whoap it's nowght 'at's bad o'
me.

Darby 'Thee, Joan! neea marry,
 neea sike thing;
 Think bad o' thee! 'twad be a sin!
 Ah think indeed Ah was a feeal,
 Too send oor Nell to t' Boordin'
 Skeecal;
 Sike mauky feeals as them, Ah
 think,
 Hae fill'd her head with pride and
 stink;
 For, sin sne went, she's grown so
 fine,
 She can't deea noo without her
 wine,
 When t' dinners ower'd; an' she's
 sea nice,
 She weant eat puddin meead o'
 rice;
 Thof when at skeecal, an' put t'
 pinch,
 Fra sike gud stuff she'd nivver
 flinch;
 An' all her noocations are seea
 rais'd,
 It's fit to drive her fathther craz'd.
 Nut at' Ah care about t' fond lass,
 Neea mair then this—it taks my
 bras;
 An' wi' her fine lang labbring tail,
 She'll git her father into t' jail.
 Joan. Whah, Darby, bud thoo
 knows ther's t' Squire,
 An' he mayhap will Nell admire;
 An' efter all their noise an' strife,
 Thoo knows t' young 'Squire wants
 a wife.
 Then let's be seer ta mak her
 smart,
 An' teych her hoo te play her
 paart;
 Te draw him on she seean will
 leearn,
 An' then, thoo knows, 'at t' wark
 is deean.
 Hooseer, Ah'll try an' deea my
 best,
 An' leeave to thee to mannish t'
 rest.
 Darby. Bud then suppooase oor
 plot sud fail,
 An' me for det be sent te t' jail,
 Poor Nell wad nivver be a wife,
 An' hev te labour all hur life;
 For efter bein seea brought up,

Hoo can she ivver bide te stoop.
 Te gang te sarvice, or te spin,
 Or ivver te deea onny thing?
 Joan. Wha, Darby, leeave it al
 te me,
 Ah'll mannisht t' weel, an' that
 thoo'll see.
 And so she did, as fame reports,
 For the 'Squire being fond of rural
 sports,
 Did sometimes to the farm repair,
 (After a chace of fox or hare,)
 And she invited him to dine
 On Nell's birth-day—they'd pie
 and chine.
 The young 'Squire lik'd the fare so
 well,
 That he soon after married Nell;
 And as they drove to church doon
 t' loon,
 Old Darby cried—*Well deean, oor
 Joan!*

THE SWEEPER & THIEVES.

A Tale, by D. Lewis.

[*This Tale is founded on fact, and
 happened at Leeming Lane, a few
 years ago.*]

A sweeper's lad was late o' th'
 neeght,
 His slap-shod shoon had leeam'd
 his feet;
 He call'd to see a good awd
 deeame,
 'At monny a time had trigg'd his
 weame;
 (For he wor then fahve miles fra
 yam.)
 He ax'd i' t' lair te let him sleep,
 An' he'd next day their chimlers
 sweep.
 They supper'd him w' country
 fare,
 Then show'd him tul his hooal i' t'
 lair.
 He crept intul his streeahy bed,
 His pooak o' seeat beneath his
 heead:
 He wor content, nur car'd a pin,
 An' his good friend then loek'd
 him in.

The lair frae t' hoose a distance
stood,
Between 'em grew a lahtle wood.
About midneeght, or nearer moorn,
Two thieves brack in te steal ther
coorn ;

Hevin a leeght i' t' lantern dark,
Seean they te winder fell te wark,
An' wiseing they'd a lad te fill,
Young brush, (whea yet had ligg'd
quite still,)

Thinkin' 'at men belang'd te t'
hoose,

An' that he nood mud be o' use,
Jump'd down directly on te t'
fleear,

An' thieves beeath ran oot at
deear ;

Nur stopt at owt nur thin nur
thick,

Fully convinc'd it wor awd Nick.
The sreeper lad then ran reeght
seean

T' t' hoose, an' tell'd 'em what wor
deean ;

Maister an' men then quickly raise,
An' ran te t' lair wi' hawf ther
cleas.

Twea horses, secks, 'an' leeght
they fand,

Which had been left by t' thievish
band ;

These round i' t' neybourheed they
cried,

Bud nut an awner e'er applied ;
For neaan durst horses awn or
secks,

They wor so freeghen'd o' ther
necks.

They sold the horses, an', of course,
Put awf o' the brass i' Sooty's
purse ;

Desiring when he com that way,
He'd awlus them a visit pay,
When harty welcum he sud have,
Because he did ther barley save.
Brush chink'd the guineas in his
hand,

An' oft to leek at 'em did stand,
As heeame he wistling teak his
way ;

Blessin' t' awd deeam wha let
him stay,

An' sleep i' t' lair, when, late o' t'
neeght,
His slap-shod shoon had leeam'd
his feet.

THE POCKET-BOOKS.

A Dialogue. By D. Lewis.

[Occasioned by a New Pocket-Book
being thrown into a Desk where
an Old one had been laid.]

New Pocket-Book. Why am I here
a captive plac'd,

And with such company dis-
grac'd ?

I may with reason now complain
Fine books, like men, were
made in vain.

Old Pocket-Book. Thy keease, kind
frind, can't be se hard,

As thy new maister is a bard ;
The ass-skin leeavs 'at thoo'll
conteean,

He'll write 'em ower an' ower
ageean,

Wi' sonnets, epigrams, an' odes,
Wi' elegies an' episodes ;

Teoo'll beear the copies ov his
sangs,

An' gang wi' him where'er he
gangs.

If there sud be a country fair,
He ten to yan'll tak thee there ;
Keep thee on high an' hollidays,
When he puts on his better
cleas ;

If bill or nooat fall to his share,
He will commit it to thy care,
Till monny years, when thoo
may be,

As ragg'd an' just as poor as me.
Dooant let grief reign, nor thy
heart ache,

He'll keep thee for thy giver's
seeak.

New Pocket-Book. Dost thou com-
pare thyself to me ?

If thou could'st but thy picture
see,

Thy ragged coat, thy dirty look,
Scarce worthy of the name o'
book.

And must I to the fields retire,
Be prostituted to the lyre.
Companion of rustic swain,
And ne'er return to town again?
Old Pocket-Book. True, thoo of
heigher kin may boost,
Of finer shape, an' bigger cost;
Thoo's neeat an' smart, Ah mun
alloo,
Bud thoo will quit that bonny
hue,
When thoo, like me, hes hard-
ships boorn,
An' been by toil an' labour
woorn;
I't hoose or field, by streeam or
wood,
Ah constant i' my station stood,
An' nivver did mah aid refuse,
Te sarve mah maister, an' the
muse.
Te gratlfy the rhyiming streean,
He wrate an' rubb'd, an wrate
ageean;
That Ah, like him, lang time
hev toil'd,
Which hes mah yance-fine lus-
tre spoil'd.
Thoo's yet a stranger to the
world,
Where things appear unequal
hurl'd;
Still different stations ther mun
be,
Thof monny mair 'll freeat like
thee.
Then dooant lament thy turns of
fate,
Bud reconcile thee to thy state.

ADDRESS TO RICHES.

Bonny lass, wi' yellow hair,
Iv thoo hez an hoor to spare,
Pray lig aside thy shyness;
Ah'll call thee riches, munny, gold,
Or onny neeame by which thoo's
told,
Or owt te please thy highness.
Thoo hardly heeds the tryin' hoor
O' sons o' Genius, when they're
poor,

Thoo seldom will restoore 'em;
Bud them that 'nivver sout thy
smile,
Blockheads an' dunces, live i'
style,
Had fadders boorn afoore 'em.
It's munny maks the meer te gang,
Maks rang seeam reeght, an'
reeght seeam rang;
There's nowght i' t' world can
match it.
E tackin munney maist fowks
prize—
If onny bedy it despise,
It's cause they cannut catch it.
Forseeak the mizar's clooase re-
treat,
The coffers ov the guilty greeat,
Wi' plund'rin fill'd, or gamlin';
Sike gert fowks haz abuse the
state,
On whea the men o' munny waite,
That keeps poor fowks cramlin'.
Ah dunnot want a gert estate,
For if Ah did, thoo'd let me wait,
That Ah may seeaflly lend thee;
Nut ower mitch, te mack me proud,
Leeak ower t' meean a man a
crood,
Bud just eneeaf to mend me.
Cum wi' a swarm o' lucks an'
looaves,
That oft gangs wi' thee when thoo
moves,
O' guinea nooats tack thoot he
shap,
Or o' kings pictures a gert slap,
Or ten punds bank of England.

Then frends se shy, i' time o' need,
Will gi' me what E want wi' speed,
An' stick as clooase as hunny;
Gi' ther advice, ther cash, ther yal,
Or heear or tell a merry teal,
An' all through thee—sweet
munny!

ADDRESS TO POVERTY.

Scoolin maid, o' iron brow,
Thy sarvant will address thee now,

For thoo invites the freedom,
By drivin off my former friends,
To leeak to ther awn private ends,
Just when Ah chanc'd to need
'em.

Ah've hed thy company ower lang,
Ill leakin weean! thoo mustbe rang
Thus to cut short my jerkin.

Ah ken thee weel—Ah know thy
ways,

Thoo's awlus kept back cash and
cleas,

An' foorc'd me to hard workin.

To gain o' thee a yal day's march
Ah strave, bud thoo's se varra
arch,

For all Ah still strave faster;
Thoo's tript my heels and meead
me stop,

By small slain coorn, or failin crop,
Or ivv'ry foul disaster.

If Ah my maund may freely speak,
Ah really dunnut like thy leeak,

Whativver shap thoo's slipt on;
Thoo's awd an' ugly, deeaf an'
blinnd,

A feeind afoore, a freeght behind,
An' foul as Mudder Shipton.

Foooks say, an' it is nowght bud
truth,

Thoo hes been wi' me from my
youth,

An' gi'en me monny a thumper,
Bud noo thoo cums, wi' all thy
weight,

Fast fallin' frae a fearful height,
A downreeght Milton plumper.

Sud plenty, frae her copious hoorn,
Teeam oot te me good crops o'
coorn,

An' prosper weel my cattle.

An' send a single thoosand pund,
'Twad bring all things compleeatly
rouond,

An' Ah wod gi' thee battle.

Noo, Poverty, ya thing Ah beg,
Like a poor man withoot a leg,

See prethee daun't deceeave me,
Ah know it's i' thy poower te grant
The lahtle faver 'at Ah want—

'At thoo wad gang an' leeave me.

THE RACE.

Noo, Bob, my lad, to-moorn's the
day,

All t' spoort at t' race we'll see;
Wi' t' lark we'll rise, an' trudge
away,

An' varra fine we'll be.

Te see 'em ride, thoo knaws, seea
fast,

As roound about they'll gang,
They'll whip an' spur, te nut be
last,

Ah say noo! dust t' lang!

What fouks all fine we theer sal
see,

I' diffrent colours drest;
An' lasses, te cheat sike as thee,
Will be all i' ther best.

An' theer we'll stop while t' races
last,

An' all't fine fouks are geean;
Fra thence to t' fair we'll trudge
reet fast,

Te reeach it afoore neean,
Tegither then that day we'll keep,
Wi' sticks i' hand soea fine;

At sum o' t' shows we'll tak a peep,
'Ah's seer that day we'll shine!

Theer soldiers will be ganging oot,
Wi' drums and fises seea grand,

Recrutin for young lads aboot,
To fight by seea an' land.

Noo wi' impatience we deea wait
The cummin o' that day;

We'll off seea seean, an' stop seea
late,

Cum, Bob, noo let's away.

THE FAIR.

Ye loit'rin minnits foster flee,

Ye're all ower slaw behawf for me,
That wait impatient for the
moorning;

Te-moorn's the lang, lang wish'd
for fair,

Ah'll try te shine the foormust
theer,

Myself i' finest cleens adoorning,
Te grace the day.

Ah'll put my best white stockings
on,

A pair o' new cawf-letther shoon,
My cleean-wesh'd goon o' print-
ed cotton;

About my neck a muslin shawl,
A new silk hankecher ower all,
Wi' sike a careless air Ah'll put
on,

Ah'll shine that day.

My paartner Ned, Ah know,
thinks he,

"Ah'll mak mysen secure o' thee,"
He's often sed h'd treeat me
rarely;

Bud Ah sal think ov other fun,
Ah'll yaim for sum rich farmer's
son,

An' cheat oor simple Neddy
fairly,

Seea sly that day.

Why sud Ah nut succeed as weel,
An' get a man full oot genteel,

As awd John Darby's dowghter
Nelly;

Ah think mysen as good as she,
She can't mak cheese or spin like
me,

That's mair 'an beauty, let me
tell ye,

On onny day.

Then, hey! for spoorts an' puppy-
shows,

An' temptin spice-stalls rang'd i'
rows,

An' danglin dolls, by t' necks
all hangin;

A thoosand other pratty seeghts,
An' lasses, trail'd along the streets,

Wi' lads, te t' yal-house gangin
Te drink that day.

Let's leeak at t' winder—Ah can
see't,

It seeams as thef 'twas growin
leeght,

The clouds wi' early rays a-
doornin;

Ye loit'ring minnits faster flee,
Ye're all ower slaw behawf for me,

'At wait impatient for the
moornin,

O sike a day!

SONG.

When Ah wor a wee lahtle totter-
in bairn,

Ah' hed nobbut just gotten
short frocks,

When te gang Ah at first was be-
ginnin to lairn,

O' my broo Ah gat monny hard
knocks.

Bud se waik, an' se silly, an' help-
less was I,

Ah was awlus a tumblin down
then;

While my mother wad twattle me
gently, an' cry,

"Honey, Jenny, tack care o'
thysen."

Bud wen Ah grew bigger, an' gat
te be strang,

At Ah cannily ran all about
By mysen, wheer Ah lik'd, then

awlus mud gang,
Withoot being tell'd about owt.

When, hooivver, Ah com to be six-
teen year awd,

An' rattl'd an' ramp'd amang
men,

My mother wad call o' me in an'
wad scaud,

An' cry—"Huzzay! tak care o'
thysen."

Ah've a sweetheart cums noo upo'
Setterday neeghts,

An' he swears 'at he'll mack me
his wife;

My mam grows se stingey, she
scauds an' she fleeghts,

An' twitters me out o' my life.

Bud she may leeak soor, an con-
sait hersen wise,

An' preach ageean liking young
men.

Sin Ah's grown a woman, her
clack Ah'll despise,

An Ah's—marry! tak care o'
mysen.

A LETTER,

Discovered in the Library of a deceased Nobleman, and supposed to have been written during the Rebellion.

My Loord,

Ye know there's an awd proverb—a man can dea nea mare nea he can dea—wur Ah the d—l hissen Ah can na mack men gang an' they ha' nea mind to't; as angry as ye seeam wi' me, gin ye'd been heer yersen, ye cud na mack 'em stir yan feeat, tho ye hed swoorn yer heart oot; when Ah reead tull 'em yer Loordship's last letter, they tost ther heeads an' gang ther gate, but yance gane they care nut a fart what Ah say tul 'em. Ah reead tul 'em twice yer Loordship's last orders, an' they haunded me t' Act o' Parleмент, ye know what Ah meean; co' Ah tul 'em is it sea te dea, the deaal gang wi' ye all, for there's nea dippendace on 'em. Yer Loordship may rist assured of my endivvers, that Ah will be wi' ye the day efter Munday, wi' all Ah'm cappable o' bringin alang wi' me; i' t' meean-time subscribe mysen yer Loordship's most obedent vassal an' humble sarvent te cummand,

— — —, *Chief Constubble.*

THE YORKSHIRE TIKE.

Ah iz i' truth a country youth,
Neean us'd teea Lunnon fashions
Yet vartue guides, an' still presides
Ower all mah steps an' passions.
Neea coortly leear, bud all sin-
ceere,
Neea bribe shall ivver blind
me;
If thoo can like a Yorkshire tike,
A rooague thoo'll nivver finnd
me.
Thof envy's tung, seea slimlee
hung,
Wad lee aboot oor country,
Neea men o' t' eearth boost gre-
ter wurth,
Or mare extend ther boounty.
Oor northern breeze wi' uz agrees,
An' does for wark weel fit uz;
I' public cares, an' all affairs,
Wi' honor we acquit uz.
Seea gret a maund is ne'er con-
fiant
Tiv onny shire or nation;
They geean meeast praise weea
weel displays
A leearnid iddication.
Whahl rancour rolls i' lahtle souls,
By shalloo views dissarning,
They're nobbut wise 'at owlus
prize
Gud manners, sense and leeanin.

THE
LIFE OF
WILLIAM NEVISON,

Written by Captain Johnson.

AS arts and sciences of use and morality admit of improvement, so likewise those of villainy grow up with them; the devil being as industrious to improve his followers in the school of vice, as our best instructors are in those of virtue, which will be illustrated in the following memoirs of the life of William Nevison, who was born at Pontefract, in Yorkshire, about the year 1639, of well-reputed, honest, and reasonably estated parents, who bred him up at school, where he made some progress as to his learning, and in the spring of his youth promised a better harvest than the summer of his life produced; for, to say the truth, he was very forward and hopeful, till he arrived at the age of thirteen or fourteen years, when he began to be the ringleader of all his young companions to rudeness and debauchery.

So early as this he also took to thieving, and stole a silver spoon from his father; for which being severely punished at school, the punishment was the subject of the next night's meditation, which issued into a resolution of revenge on his master, whatever fate he met with in the execution thereof,

to which end having hit on a project for his purpose, and lying in his father's chamber, he gets softly up before such time as the day appeared, and hearing that his father slept, he puts his hand into his pocket, where he found the key of his closet, which, unperceived, he drew thence, and down he creeps to the said closet, where he supplies himself with what cash he could readily find, which amounted to about ten pounds, and with this, knowing that his said master had a horse he took particular delight in, that then grazed behind his house, he gets a bridle and a saddle from his father's stable, and an hour before morning, mounts the said horse onward for London, where he arrived within four days; when the evening coming upon him, he cut the throat of the horse within a mile or two of the town, for fear he should prove a means of his discovery, if he should have carried it to an inn.

When he came to London, he changed his garb and name, and being a lusty well-looking lad, put himself into the service of a brewer, where for two or three years he lived, not at all changed in mind, though opportunity was

not, during that time, ripe to put his ill intention into practice, he watched all seasons to advance himself, by having several times attempted to rob his master, which at last he thus effected. Taking the advantage one night of the clerk's drunkenness, who was his master's cashier, he got up by stealth after him into the counting house, where the said clerk falling asleep, he rifled the same of all such cash as he could conveniently come at, which amounted to near two hundred pounds, and fled to Holland, where running away with a burgher's daughter that had robbed her father of a great deal of money and jewels, he was apprehended, had the booty taken from him, and put in gaol; and, had he not broke out, he had certainly made his exit beyond sea. Having thus made his escape, he got into Flanders, and listed himself amongst the English volunteers, who were under the command of the Duke of York, who about the same time was made lieutenant-general of the Spanish forces, under Don John of Austria, who were then designed to raise the siege of Dunkirk, which was besieged by the English and French armies, and behaved himself very well while he was in a military employment; but not greatly liking it, and having got some money whilst he was in the service, he came over to England, and bought himself a horse and arms, and resolving for the road, and perhaps a pleasant life, at the hazard of his neck, rather than toil out a long remainder of unhappy days in want and poverty, which he was always averse to. Being thus supplied every day, one booty or other enriched his stores, which he would never admit a sharer in, chusing to manage his designs alone rather than trust his life in the hands of others, who by favour or misfortune

might be drawn in to accuse him.

One day Nevison, who went otherwise by the name of Johnson, travelling on the road, and scouring about in search of a prize, he met two countrymen, who coming up to him informed him, that it was very dangerous travelling forward, for that the way was set, and they had been robbed by three highwaymen, about half a mile off; and if he had any charge of money about him, it was his safest course to turn back. Nevison asked them what they had lost, they told him forty pounds; whereupon he replied, "Turn back with me, and shew me the way they took, and my life to a farthing, I'll make them return you your money again." They rode along with him till they had sight of the highwaymen: when Nevison ordering the countrymen to stay behind them at some distance, he rode up, and spoke to the foremost of them, saying, "Sir, by your garb, and the colour of your horse, you should be one of those I am looking after; and if so, my business is to tell you, that you borrowed of two friends of mine forty pounds, which they desired me to demand of you, and which before we part you must restore." "How!" quoth the highwayman, "forty pounds! D—n you, Sir, what is the fellow mad?" "So mad," replied Nevison, "as that your life shall answer me, if you do not give me better satisfaction." With that he drew his pistol, and suddenly claps it to his breast, who finding that Nevison had also his rein, and that he could not get his sword or pistols, he yielded, telling him his life was at his mercy." "No, (says Nevison), 'tis not that I seek for, but the money you robbed these two men of, who are riding up to me, which you must refund. The thief was forced to consent, and readily to deliver such part thereof as he

had, saying his companions had the rest: so that Nevison having made him dismount, and taking away his pistols, which he gave to the countrymen, ordered them to to secure him, and hold his own, whilst he took the thief's horse, and pursued the other two, whom he soon overtook; for they, thinking him their companion, stopt as soon as they saw him; so that he overtook them in the midst of a common. "How now, Jack, (says one of them), what made you engage with yon fellow?" "No, gentlemen," replies Nevison, "you are mistaken in your man Thomas. By the token of the horse and arms, he hath sent me to you for the ransom of his life, which comes to no less than the prize of the day, which if you presently surrender, you may go about your business; if not, I must have a little dispute with you at sword or pistol." At which one of them let fly at him; but missing his aim, received Nevison's bullet into his right shoulder; and being thereby disabled, Nevison being about to discharge at the other, he called for quarter, and came to parley, which, in short, was made up, with Nevison's promise to send their friend, on their delivering him all the ready money they had, which amounted to 150 pounds and silver. With this Nevison rode back to the countrymen, and released their prisoner, giving them their whole forty pounds, with a caution, for the future, to look better after it, and not like cowards, as they were, to surrender the same on such easy terms again.

In all his pranks he was very favourable to the female sex, who generally gave him the character of a civil obliging robber. He was charitable also to the poor, by relieving them out of the spoils which he took from those that could better spare it; and being

a true royalist, he never attempted any thing against that party. One time Nevison meeting with an old sequestrator on the road, he stopped the coach, and demanded some of that money which he had thievishly extorted from poor widows and orphans, and ought to be returned. At which words the old man, in a fit of terror, and especially too when a pistol was clapped to his breast, began to expostulate for his life; offering whatsoever he had about him for his ransom, which he readily delivered, to the value of 60 broad pieces of gold. But this not serving his turn, Nevison told him that he must come hence, and go with him, about some other affairs he had to concert with him, and beg leave of three young gentlewomen that were also passengers in the coach with him, that they would spare one of the coach horses for an hour or two, which should certainly be returned that night for the next day's journey. So Nevison left them and took his prize with him on the postillion's horse, which he loosed from the coach, and carried him from them in a great fright, thinking he was now near his end. The gentlewomen pursued their journey; and about two hours after they were got to the inn, in comes the sequestrator on the postillion's horse, and gave a lamentable relation how he had been used, and forced to sign a bill under his hand, of £500 for his redemption, payable by a scrivener in London on sight, which he doubted not but would be received before he could prevent the same; and indeed he did not doubt amiss, for Nevison made the best of his way all night and the next day by noon received the money, to the no small vexation of him that owned it. 3

About the year 1661, having one day got a considerable prize, to

the value of £150, from a rich country grazier, with this he resolved to sit down quietly, and go back to Pontefract, where he was most joyfully received by his father, who never hearing of him in his absence of seven or eight years, thought he had been really dead. He lived very honestly with his father till he died, and then returned to his old courses again, committing such robberies as rendered his name the terror of the road: in so much, that no carrier or drover passed the same, but was either forced to compound for their safety by a certain tax, which he usually received from them at such and such houses, where he appointed them to leave it, or they were sure to be rifled for the failure thereof.

Committing some robberies in Leicestershire, he was there committed to Leicester gaol, where he was so narrowly watched, and so strongly ironed, that he could scarcely stir: yet, by a cunning stratagem, he procured his enlargement before the assizes came. For one day feigning himself extremely ill, he sent for two or three trusty friends, one of which was a physician, who gave out that he was sick of a pestilential fever; and that unless he had the benefit of some open air, in some chamber, he would certainly infect the whole gaol, and die of the said distemper. Hereupon the gaoler took off his fetters, and removed him into another room, to lie by himself. In the mean time a nurse was provided him, and his physicians came twice or thrice a day to visit him, who gave out there was no hopes of his life, and that his distemper was extremely contagious; on which report, the gaoler's wife would not let her husband, nor any of his servants, go nearer than the door; which gave Nevison's confederates full

liberty to practice their intent, which they did thus: A painter was one day brought in, who made all over his breast blue spots, resembling those that are the forerunners of death, in the disease commonly called the plague; as likewise several marks on his hands face, and body, which are usually on such that so die; all which being done, the physician prepared a dose, whereby his spirits were confined for the space of an hour or two, and then immediately gave out that he was dead. Hereupon his friends demanded his body, bringing a coffin to carry him away in. The gaoler, as customary, ordered a jury, the nurse having formally laid him out, to examine the cause of his death, who fearing the contagion he was said to die of, staid not long to consider thereon; but having viewed him, seeing the spots and marks of death about him, his eyes set, and his jaws close muffled, they brought in their verdict, that he died of the plague; and thereupon he was put in the coffin, and carried off.

Being thus discharged, he fell to his former trade again, and meeting several of his old tenants, the carriers, who had used to pay him his rents as aforesaid, told them they must advance the same, for that his last imprisonment had cost him a great sum of money, which he expected to be reimbursed among them. They being strangely surprised at the sight of Mr. Nevison, (after the reports of his death), reported about that his ghost walked, and took upon it the employment he was wont when living, which was confirmed by the gaoler at Leicester, who had brought in the verdict of the jury on oath, who had examined the body, and found it dead as above-mentioned; whereby he had been discharged by the court, as to the warrant of his commitment. But

afterwards, when the same came to be known, and the cheat detected, the said gaoler was ordered to fetch him in at his peril. Whereupon great search was made for him in all places, and a reward of twenty pounds set upon his head for any person that should apprehend him.

Nevison, after this, was determined to visit London; and the company he happened to fall into upon the road, was a crew of canting beggars, pilgrims of the earth, the offspring of Cain, vagabonds, and wanderers over the whole world, fit companions for such as made a trade of idleness and roguery, and these were at this time fit companions for him, who seeing the merry life they led, resolved to make one of their company; whereupon, after he had a little more ingratiated himself amongst them, and taking two or three cups of rum booze, he imparted his intentions to one of the chief of them, telling him he was an apprentice, who had a bad master, whose cruelties had caused him to run away from him; and that whatever fortune might betide him, yet should not the most necessitous condition he should be plunged into, ever make him return to him again; and therefore if he might be admitted into their society, he would faithfully observe and perform what rules and orders were imposed on him. The chief beggar very much applauded him for his resolution, telling him, that to be a beggar was to be a brave man, since it was then in fashion. "Do not we," said he, "come into the world like arrant beggars, without a rag upon us? and do not we all go out of the world like beggars, without any thing, saving only an old sheet over us? shall we then be ashamed to walk up and down in the world like beggars, with old blankets pinned

about us? Are we afraid of the approach of quarter-day? Do we walk in fear of bailiffs, serjeants, and catch-poles? Who ever knew an errant beggar arrested for debt? Is not our meat drest in every man's kitchen? Does not every man's cellar afford us beer? And the best men's purses keep a penny for us to spend."

Having by these words, as he thought, fully fixed him in the love of negging, he then acquainted the company with Nevison's desires, who were all of them very joyful thereat, being as glad to add one to their society, as a Turk is to gain a proselyte to Mahomet. The first question they asked him was, if he had any Loure in his Bung? He stared on them, not knowing what they meant; till, at last, one told him it was money in his purse. He told them he had but eighteen pence, which he freely gave them. This by a general vote, was condemned to be spent in booze for his initiation. Then they commanded him to kneel down, which being done, one of the chief of them took a gage of booze, which is a quart of drink, and poured the same on his head, saying, "I do by virtue of this sovereign liquor, instal thee in the roage, and make thee a free denizon of our ragged regiment. So that henceforth it shall be lawful for thee to cant, and to carry a doxy or mort along with thee, only observing these rules: First, that thou art not to wander up and down all counties, but to keep to that allotted to thee: And, secondly, thou art to give way to any of us that have borne all the offices of the wallet before; and upon holding up a finger, to avoid any town or country village, where thou seest we are going for victuals for our army that march along with us. Observing these two rules, we take thee into our pro-

SONG.

TOMMY TOWERS and ABRAHAM MUGGINS,

Or the Yorkshire Horse Dealers.

Hard by Clapham town end lived
an old Yorkshire tyke,
Who in dealing in horses had never
his like ;
'Twas 'un pride that in all the hard
bargains he'd hit,
He'd bit a good many, but never
got bit.

Derry down, &c.

This old Tommy Towers—by that
name he was known,
Had a carrion old tit that was
sheer skin and bone,—
To ha' killed for the dogs would
ha' done quite as well,
But 'was Tommy's opinion he'd
die of himsel'.

Derry down, &c.

Well, one Abraham Muggins, a
neighbouring cheat,
Thought to diddle old Tommy
would be a great treat ;
He'd a horse that was better than
Tommy's—for why ?
The night afore that he thought
proper to die.

Derry down, &c.

Thinks Abraham,—the old codger
will ne'er smoke the trick,
So I'll swop wi' him my dead horse
for his wick ;
And if Tommy Towers I should
happen to trap,

'Twill be a fine feather in Abra-
ham's cap.

Derry down, &c.

So to Tommy he goes, and the
question he pops,—

“ Between my horse and thine,
prithee, Tommy, what swaps ?
What will give me to boot ? for
mine's better horse still.”—

“ Nought,” says Tommy ; “ but i'll
swop e'en hands if you will.”

Derry down, &c.

Abraham preached a long time
about summat to boot,
Insisting that his un's the livelier
brute ;

But Tommy stuck fast where he
first had begun,

Till, at last, he shook hands, and
cried, “ Well, Tommy, done.”

Derry down, &c.

“ Oh, Tommy,” said Abraham,
“ I'ze soorry for thee ;

I thought thou had'st hadden more
white in thine ee ;

Good luck wi' thy bargain, for my
horse is dead.”

Said Tommy—“ My lad, so is mine,
and he's flead.”

Derry down, &c.

So Tom got the best of the bargain,
avast,

And came off in a Yorkshireman's
triumph at last ;—

For though 'twixt dead horses
there's not much to choose,

Yet Tommy were th' richer by the
hide and four shoes !

Derry down, &c.

FINIS

SPECIMENS

OF THE

Yorkshire Dialect,

BY WAY OF DIALOGUE,

CONTAINING

A Dialogue

BETWEEN

BULWELL, • LONDON REGISTER OFFICE KEEPER

AND

Margery Moorpoot, a Country Girl,

AND DAISY, AN ECLOGUE,

A COCK AND BULLSTORY,

THE HIREING, THE BELLMAN OF RIPON,

The Yorkshire Tyke, &c.

To which is added

A COPIOUS GLOSSARY,

AND THE

Life of William Nevison.

London :

ORLANDO HODGSON,

Maiden Lane, Cheapside.

1828.

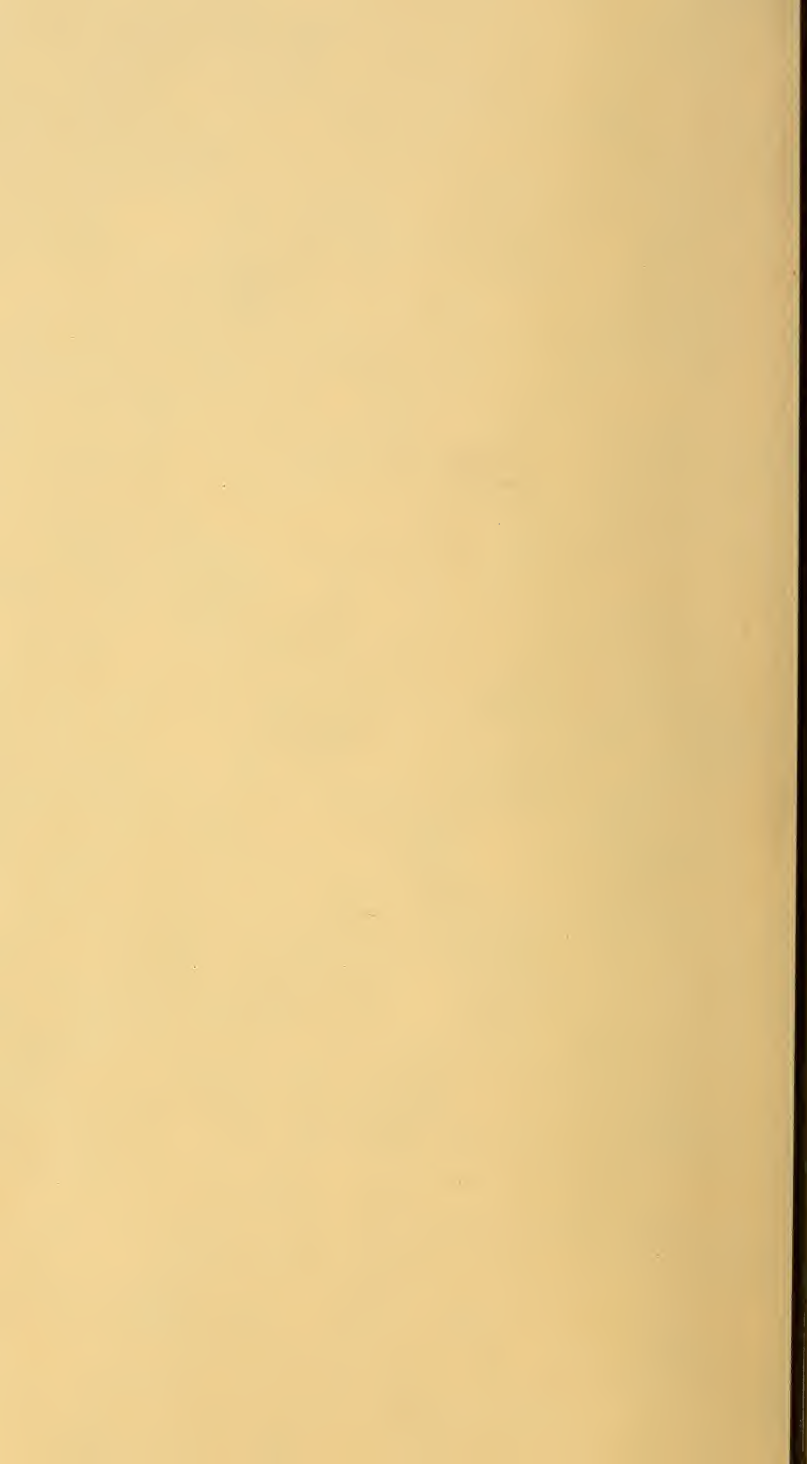


Don't cost
tail

London Published by O. Hodgson Ma

SHIRE MANS COA

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| <p>d a Fly and a Flea, qualifications you'll see; Chatter amain, which he can gain.</p> | <p>The Ho Unhang But let For Othe</p> |
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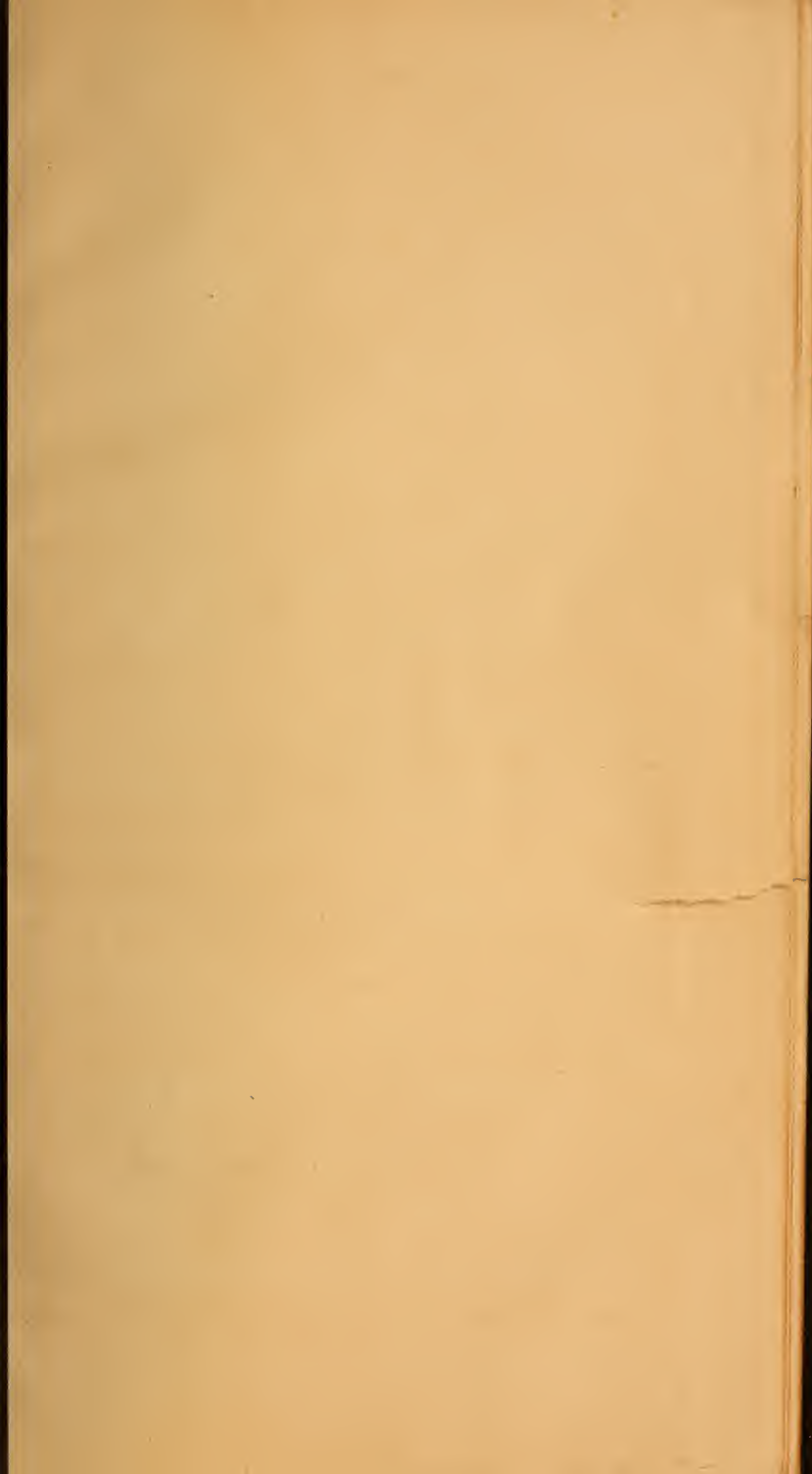
London: Published by O. Hodgson, Warden Lane, Cheap-side.

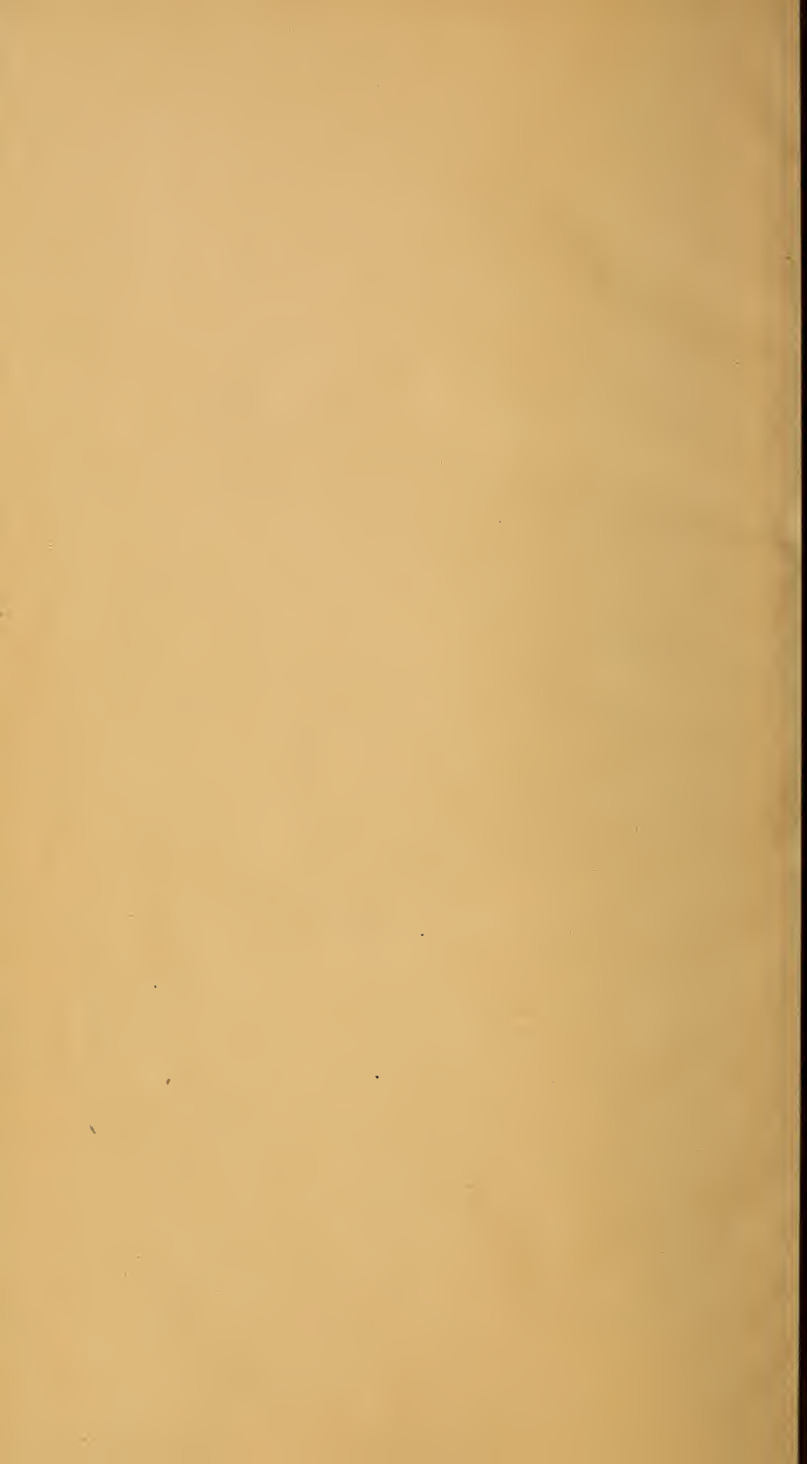
A YORKSHIRE MANS COAT OF ARMS.

A. Magpy behold and a Fly and a Flea,
And a Yorkshire Mans qualifications you'll see;
To Backbite & Sponge, and to Chatter a main,
Or any thing else, or by which he can gain.

The Horse shews they buy few, tho many they steal,
Unhang'd their worth nought does the Gammon reveal,
But let the Butler's
For other

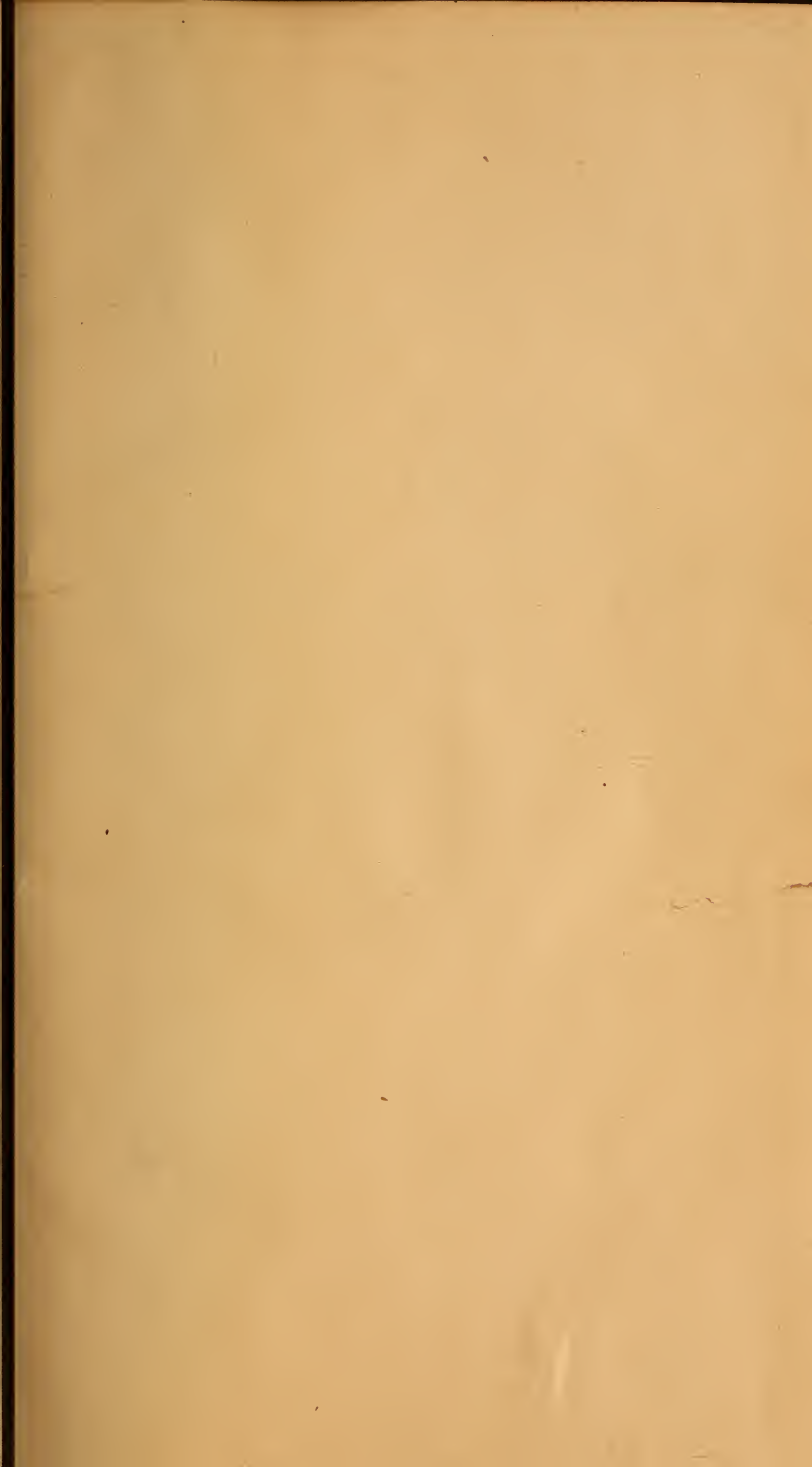




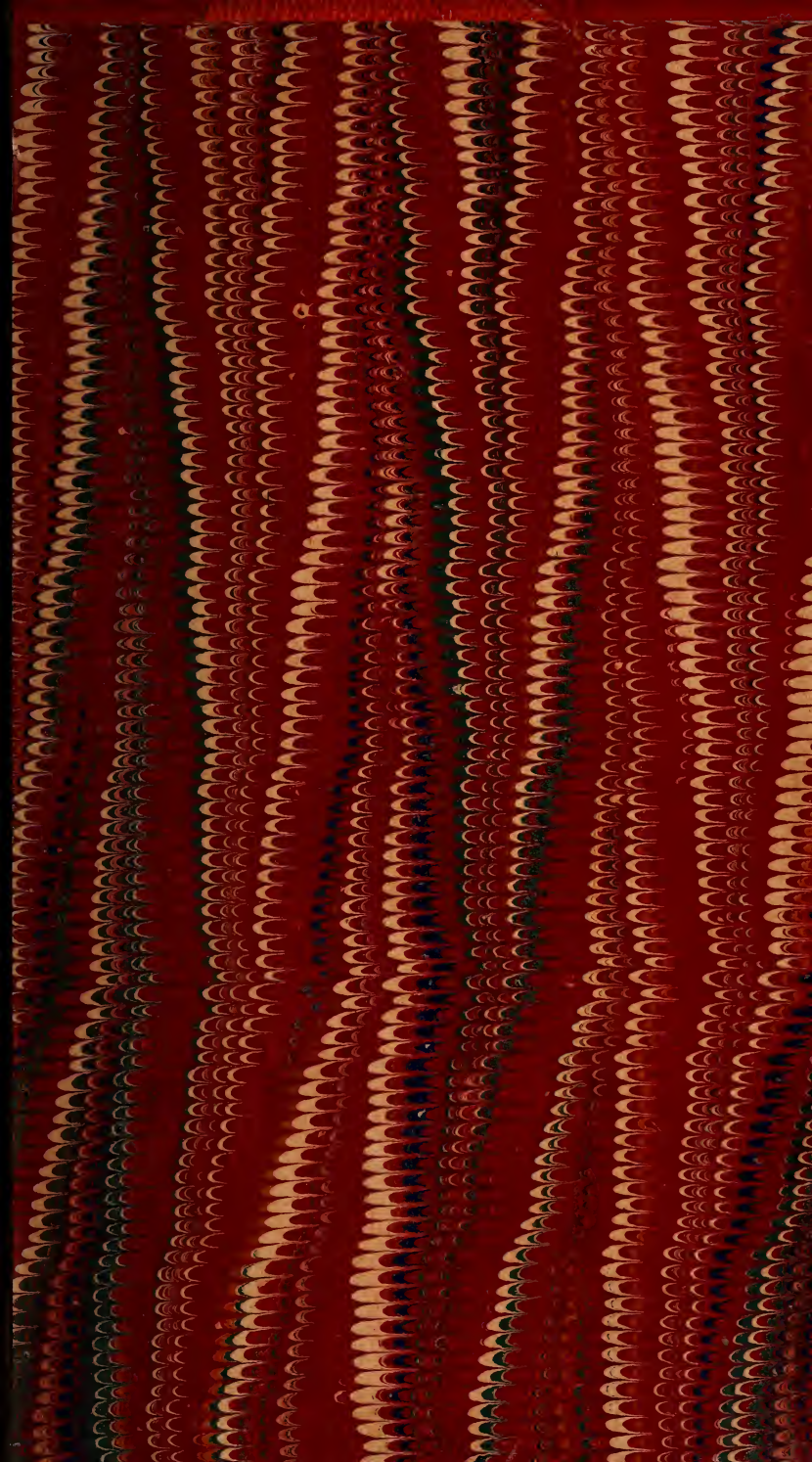












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